MOFFAT OF AFRICA

Moffat attacked by a Cobra & a Tiger.

II-2
M7288da

NORMAN J DAVIDSON

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
FEB 23 1926
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BV 3557 .M7 D3
Davidson, Norman J.
Moffat of Africa

AN INFURIATED HIPPO

A hippo came furiously up the stream, his loud snorts re-echoing from the dark overhanging precipices. (*See p.* 19).

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
DEC 23 1926

MOFFAT OF AFRICA

A ZEALOUS MISSIONARY & A BRAVE PIONEER

BY

NORMAN J. DAVIDSON, B.A.(Oxon.)

AUTHOR OF "PENNELL OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER,"
"BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER," &c. &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
1926

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.
1925

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

An Infuriated Hippo . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Moffat's Courageous Endeavour 25

A Night of Lions 31

Moffat and King Moselekatse 43

Moffat of Africa

ROBERT MOFFAT, the famous missionary and pioneer, was born at Ormiston, East Lothian, December 21st, 1795, of humble parentage. From there the family removed to Carronshire near Falkirk, where he attended the parish school and picked up such crumbs of knowledge as he could, and afterwards was sent with a brother to a school at Falkirk. From his parents he derived those deep religious impressions which guided his actions all through life. When fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a gardener at Polmont, a stern but just man, who discouraged laziness and taught his apprentices their business. When his apprenticeship was finished he obtained a post in the gardens of the Earl of Moray, and afterwards with Mr. Leigh in Cheshire. This was a long journey in those days, which had to be performed by canal, sea, coach, and on foot. He had an affecting parting with his mother, who made him promise to read his Bible every day.

While with Mr. Leigh he was one day attracted by a placard announcing a missionary meeting to be held by the London Missionary Society. He read it over and over again, and from that moment new thoughts and desires took root in his heart—he would be a missionary. But reflection made him despondent, for he had no education, and he had no friends in a position to help him. At last he resolved to interview Mr. Roby, the missionary whose name appeared on the placard. With a great effort he summoned up his courage and knocked at the door. Mr. Roby received him very kindly, and listened with attention and sympathy to all Moffat had to say. In conclusion he promised to help him, and to provide him with opportunities for showing if he had the fitness which such a calling demanded.

Through Mr. Roby's influence he was placed with a nursery gardener named Smith, whose daughter Mary afterwards became Moffat's wife.

Through Mr. Roby, Moffat's application was placed before the directors of the L.M.S., who at first declined it, but were induced to reconsider their decision, and eventually accepted him as a candidate, and he was appointed to South Africa at the age of twenty-one.

When Moffat landed at Cape Town in 1817 it was his intention to proceed at once to Namaqualand, a large tract of country lying between the north-west of Cape Colony and the Atlantic Ocean, but permission to do so was for a long time refused by the Cape authorities owing to the unsettled state of the interior. The objections were withdrawn, however, after many persistent applications, and permission given to start on his journey. At this period the country was terrorised by a native outlaw, Africaner, whose very name was dreaded by the people of the interior. He and his brother Titus had been implicated in the death of a Dutch farmer in whose service they were, and who had treated them with great harshness. He was outlawed, and a price of 1000 dollars was set on his head. He gathered round him a band of followers, and spread terror through the country. His career was an extraordinary one: he began as a desperate bandit, breathing out fire and slaughter, and ended by being a firm friend of Moffat's and a devoted follower of Christianity. He had come under the influence of the missionaries before Moffat's arrival, and, with his two brothers, was baptized, but as Moffat approached the boundaries of the Colony he found that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were sceptical to the last degree about his conversion, and prophesied an unhappy end to Moffat's career at his hands. One said that he would set him up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; another, that he would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to; while a third predicted that he would make a drinking-cup

of his skull. One kind, motherly lady wiped a tear from her eye as she bade him farewell, and said: "Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster." We shall see how untrue these gloomy predictions were. The account, too, which the missionary received from a traveller of the region he was about to pass through, was not encouraging: "You will find," he was told, "plenty of sand and stones, a thinly scattered population always suffering from want of water, plains and hills roasted like a burnt loaf, under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun."

The ignorant traveller is wont to scoff at the awkward, clumsy-looking wagon, but experience soon teaches him how well suited it is for the heavy work it has to perform. The slow and measured paces of the oxen, and their intractable nature, try one's patience; but if slow, they are powerful and well adapted for their strenuous work. Drivers had to be engaged, horses and spare oxen to be bought, as well as sheep to provide them with mutton. On account of the extreme heat travelling had to be done by night, and it required no little perseverance as well as courage, when sometimes a hyena would approach with his unearthly howl and set the poor timid sheep scampering in all directions; and the missionary dreading the loss of his mutton, in his haste gets his legs torn by one bush and his face scratched by another, now tumbles prostrate over an ant-hill, and then headlong into the large hole of a wild boar. He frequently arrives at the halting-place long after the wagons, when the keen eye of the native wagon-driver surveys the cattle and announces to the breathless and thirsty missionary that he has lost some of his charge. He sits down by the fire, examines his wounds, and heavy sleep ends his day's labours. A search next morning reveals only a few bones. The hyena has had the rest. On one occasion the flock was reduced to one, which became so tame that it was with the greatest reluctance they were obliged to sacrifice its life to their needs. Scarcity of water

was the chief trouble with which they had to contend, the oxen at times being so exhausted that they could not move the wagon one inch. Recourse would be had to digging, and after excavating an immense hole they would be rewarded with a scanty supply of liquid resembling the bilge-water of a ship, but which was drunk with great satisfaction. One evening most of the oxen stampeded off to their last halting-place, and for three days they were left stranded on the blistering plain with hardly any food until messengers could bring oxen and supplies from Pella, the nearest mission station.

After staying at Pella for some days Moffat resumed his journey, his destination being Africaner's kraal. Having to cross a river the wagon and its contents were swum over piecemeal, on a fragile raft of dry willow logs, about six feet long, and from four to six inches thick; fastened together with the inner bark of the mimosa, which stud the banks of the river, at this place five hundred yards wide, rocky, and with a rapid current. The rafts were carried down a great distance by the stream, taken to pieces every time of crossing, each man swimming back with a log. When it came to Moffat's turn to cross, the prospect did not seem to him very enticing, so he stripped and plunged into the water, leaving his clothes to be ferried over. His men were horrified when they saw him in the middle of the rapid current, and some of them sprang in to save him, but, being an expert swimmer he easily kept ahead of them and reached the other bank safely. An affecting scene then took place, for he was met by the people from Warm Bath, a mission station not far distant, who pleaded that he would come to them. Moffat protested that he must first fulfil his promise to visit Africaner. The women, however, were insistent, and vowed that they would lay their bodies on the ground in front of his wagon, to be crushed if he advanced. At last a party of Africaner's people, with three of his brothers was seen approaching in the distance. This ended a painful conflict; for, awed by their presence, the people withdrew with many tears.

Christian Africaner gave Moffat a cordial reception, and at once ordered a hut to be erected for him. But though the reception was friendly there appeared to be an undercurrent of animosity running beneath the surface which Moffat could not fathom, and which caused him great distress. A Mr. Ebner had been in charge of the mission before Moffat arrived, and it was evident that this feeling was directed against him, and when Titus, the chief's brother, who was a bitter enemy of missionaries, came to the station it was still more pronounced, for he would stand before Ebner's house and pour the most violent abuse upon his head, ordering him to leave the village, and threatening him with violence. The chief refused to take any part in the matter, but promised to restrain Titus from personal assault. This quarrel culminated in Ebner refusing to take any further part in the mission work, and handing over the entire charge to Moffat, who was thus left quite alone amongst a people suspicious in the extreme: in a barren and miserable country, and with a small salary not exceeding £25 a year. He had no grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any owing to the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the Colony. But there was one bright beam which cheered Moffat's heart, and that was, the increasing interest taken by the chief in the study of the Scriptures. Titus too, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, and a fearful example of ungodly living, had become greatly subdued in spirit.

The state of the people and the impossibility of the spot on which they lived becoming a permanent missionary station raised the question as to the advisability of searching out a locality more suitable. It was accordingly resolved to make a journey to the north, and examine the country on the borders of Damaraland where it was reported fountains of water abounded; but Moffat had only one wagon, and that was a cripple. There were neither smiths nor carpenters on the

station, and Moffat had no experience of such work, but with the determination which is so characteristic of these brave pioneers of Christianity when driven back on their own resources he made a forge, complete with bellows, and rough but effective tools, and succeeded in putting fresh tyres on the wheels and mending the locks of several guns, to the great admiration of the onlookers, but somewhat to the embarrassment of the worker. When all was ready a body of thirty men prepared to set forth. Moffat objected to so formidable a body-guard, but Jacobus, Africaner's brother, told him that they were concerned for his safety, and that he would run less risk of being molested, and Moffat confesses that he was right.

The country over which they passed was barren in the extreme, but game abounded; water, however, was very scarce. In a vale they found some honey in a fissure in the rock and enjoyed it; but after a time all who had eaten of it experienced an intolerable burning sensation in the throat which water failed to alleviate. A native who had approached the camp informed them that the honey of that vale was dangerous to eat, as it was gathered from the flowers of poisonous bushes.

After reaching some of the branches of the Fish River the party was brought to a stand. The wild Namaquas were suspicious of the object of their visit. They knew of the fame of Africaner, and had been informed of his object, as well as that of the missionary, but they had in earlier times received such impressions of "hat-wearers" that they were resolved on a determined opposition or flight. Africaner proposed to return rather than run the risk of shedding blood, and in this he was confirmed by the arrival of a relative from the north who gave a very poor account of the country.

During their return homeward they were often exposed to danger from lions, and some of their number had hair-breadth escapes. One night they were quietly camped near a pool and had just closed their evening worship, when a terrific roar was

heard. The terrified oxen rushed through the camp and over the fires, scattering hats and hymn-books, Bibles and guns in the wildest confusion, and leaving the party prostrate in the dust and sand. Providentially no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon through the promptness of Africaner, who seized a firebrand and bade his people follow him into the darkness.

It was the custom of the people in these parts to abandon their parents when too old or infirm to provide for themselves, leaving with them a small quantity of food and water.

Being disappointed in the object of their journey they endeavoured to reach home by a shorter route: but this nearly ended in disaster, for they found themselves in a plain of deep sand, and were on the point of abandoning their wagon. They had no water, and though they found some water-melons they were as bitter as gall. After searching in all directions they discovered a river, and rushed pell-mell down its banks. So frantic with thirst were the poor oxen that it was only with great difficulty they were restrained from plunging into the water and dragging the wagon after them. They, however, reached home without further mishap.

Itinerating or missionary visits to the surrounding villages now followed. A short description of Moffat's manner of living may perhaps be here given. As before noticed, he had neither bread nor vegetables. Mr. Bartlett, of Pella, once sent him a bag containing a few pounds of salt, but, on examining it, it was hard to tell whether there was more sand or salt, and having become accustomed to do without it, he hung it upon a nail, where it remained untouched. His food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one, and then for a while on the other, and again on both together. All was well so long as he had either; but sometimes they both failed, and there were no shops in the country where they could be purchased; and had there been any they must have been bought on credit, for money he had none.

Meals consisted frequently of a draught of milk in the morning, another at noon, and a third at night, either sweet, sour, or curdled; He had frequently pretty long fasts, and had recourse to the "fasting girdle," as it is called; on more than one occasion, after the morning service, he shouldered his gun, and went to the plain or the mountain brow in search of something to eat, and, when unsuccessful, returned, laid down his gun, and addressed his congregation. He never liked begging, and was frequently hard put to; but many a time has an unknown friend placed in his hut a portion of food, on which he looked with feelings better conceived than described. He never forgot the kindness of Titus Africaner, who, when he visited the station, would ask what he could do for him, and, on receiving a few shots, would go to the field, and almost always bring home something, for he was an extraordinary marksman.

The contents of his wardrobe bore the same impress of poverty. The supply of clothes which he had received in London were, as is too often the case, made after the dandy fashion, and being still a growing youth, they soon went to pieces. There were no laundry-maids there, nor anything like ironing or mangling. The old woman who washed his linen, sometimes with soap, but oftener without, was wont to make one shirt into a bag, and stuff the others into it; and he just took them out as they were, and more than once has he *turned* one to feel the comfort of a clean shirt. His mother, to keep him out of mischief in the long winter evenings, had taught him to sew and knit; and when he would tell her he intended being a man, she would reply, "Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast." She was right, for he often had occasion to use the needle since. Once she showed him how a shirt might be smoothed, by folding it properly, and hammering it with a piece of wood. Resolving one day to have a nice shirt for the Sabbath, he folded up one, and having prepared a suitable block, laid it on, not a smooth hearth-stone, but fine granite, and hammered away in good earnest, when Africaner coming by said, "What

are you doing ?" "Smoothing my shirt," he replied. "That is one way," said he. So it was, for on holding it up to view, it was riddled with holes ; some as large as the point of his finger. When he left the country he had not half a dozen shirts with two sleeves apiece.

Africaner was most anxious to leave Namaqualand, and a location having been offered to him in Griqualand he begged Moffat to go and survey it. Moffat at first refused as the mission seemed to be of a political nature. However, at the earnest request of Africaner he consented. Although their course lay along the banks of the Orange River, Moffat's party suffered torture from thirst and hunger, for all the villages lay on the other side of the river. The river at this point presented the appearance of a plain, miles in breadth, entirely covered with mimosa trees among which the many branches of the river ran, and then tumbled over the precipices, raising clouds of mist. One night they were overtaken by darkness, a cold wind was blowing and they were afraid to light a fire because of the Bushmen, so Moffat adopted an expedient of others in similar circumstances, and scooping a large hole in the sand lay down in it and covered himself with the sand which had been excavated, and passed a comfortable night, in spite of the roaring of lions.

On one occasion Moffat had a narrow escape from death, for coming to a pool he stooped down and took a hearty draught and immediately felt an unusual taste in his mouth, and looking attentively at the water it dawned on him that the pool had been poisoned for game. At that moment a Bushman came running up with a terrified look on his face, and seizing Moffat by the arm tried to drag him from the pool. But when Moffat intimated that he had already drunk of the water the man's distress was great. He ran off to his village followed by Moffat, the natives, with sympathy expressed on their faces, looking on him already as dead. The sensation was one of extreme fulness of the arteries, with rapid beating of the pulses, and giddiness.

However, the unpleasant effects passed entirely away after a few days, leaving no trace behind.

After several days they reached the Quis or Kwees River, suffering from the pangs of hunger. This they tried to alleviate by drinking as much water as they possibly could. In this neighbourhood Moffat and a companion while riding in front quite lost touch with the main body. Moffat fired his gun but the only answer was a terrific roar from a lion close at hand which continued to follow them far into the night, when they and their horses were so exhausted that they were compelled to halt. They allowed their horses to go free and lit a fire. Fortunately the lion did not attack them. After spending a very uncomfortable night they arose, and the companion went off in search of the horses while Moffat tried to find water. As he was walking along he happened to cough, and immediately he was surrounded by close on a hundred baboons, who grunted, grinned, and sprang from rock to rock, threatening an instant attack. Moffat parried them with his gun; he was afraid to shoot for that would have invited an immediate attack. At length he reached the plain where the baboons appeared to hold a noisy council. The animals did not follow him further, but, Moffat kept his gun pointed at two of the largest and most aggressive. The companion soon appeared with the horses, and they resumed their painful journey. So parched were their mouths that speech was gone and everything was expressed by signs. At length they came to a small pool, filthy in the extreme, but *what* a boon to them in their distress. They staggered to the house of a friend, speechless, haggard, exhausted, and unrecognisable.

Moffat reached Griqua Town and after drawing up his report respecting the object of his visit, prepared to return to Namaqualand. During the afternoon of the day on which they started they were overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm, the rain coming down in torrents. Having reached the place where they intended to halt they scraped together a few twigs and after

getting them alight with much difficulty went off in search of more fuel. They collected all they could find and retraced their steps in the direction of the camp, but the fire had disappeared and they had no landmark. After a long search in the midst of another violent storm they found the camp, the fire out, and the guardian asleep under a small bush. They had before them the prospect of a miserable night, but contrary to expectation, in spite of the chilly wind and pelting rain, they all fell asleep. Moffat rose next morning stiff, cold, and dizzy, his hair clotted with mud, but after a refreshing bathe in a pool of rain-water, and when he had wrung out his clothes, he prepared to enjoy a breakfast of biscuits provided by friends at Griqua Town. But more disappointment was in store, for the bag which contained the biscuits held also some tobacco, and the rain had transformed the two into one disgusting mass which even their famished condition could not tolerate, and so a good draught of water had to supply their wants.

The night before reaching home they had a narrow escape from a hippo. It was necessary to cross a river, the only fordable part of which was by means of two low islands covered with reeds and jungle. These were a great distance from each other, and it was now nearly dark. They had reached the first when a hippo came furiously up the stream, his loud snorts re-echoing from the dark overhanging precipices. Younker Africaner, a brother of the chief, shouted to Moffat to escape, and, springing from his horse, which appeared petrified with terror, he seized a large stone and hurled it at the huge creature, for the guns were out of order. The enraged animal then made for the next ford through which Moffat was forcing his horse, up to the saddle in a rapid torrent. A moment's delay on his part would have been fatal. The other men remained until the infuriated animal had again got into the rear when they also escaped to the second island, where expecting another encounter, all made the best of their way to the mainland, effectually drenched with perspiration and water. As a rule hippos are

timid, but if wounded or constantly hunted they become savage and very dangerous.

Moffat gave the details of his journey and the result of his investigations to Africaner, who expressed his entire satisfaction, but it was resolved that the question of the removal should for the time being remain undetermined.

Moffat at this time was contemplating a visit to the Cape and proposed to Africaner that he should accompany him. But Africaner reminded him that he was an outlaw with a price upon his head. Moffat, however, reassured him, and it was finally decided that he should go, the perilous part of the scheme being to get Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape. Though a chief there was no need to lay aside anything like royalty with a view to travel in disguise. Of the two substantial shirts Moffat had left, one he gave to Africaner; he had a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat neither white nor black, and Moffat's own garb was scarcely more refined. As a further precaution it was agreed that for once Moffat should be the chief and that Africaner should be in the character of a servant. The picture may appear to be ludicrous, but the subject was a grave one. On the journey it amused Africaner and his Namaqua followers to hear the opinions of the Dutch farmers on that ferocious and inhuman monster Africaner, and one farmer with whom Moffat was very intimate for a long time refused to believe that he was addressing anything but the missionary's *ghost*, so convinced was he that he had perished at the hands of the monster of iniquity; but when Africaner was introduced to him, can it be wondered that words entirely failed him. Similar scepticism was at first expressed by the Governor of the Colony, Lord Charles Somerset, who afterwards, received the chief with great kindness, and seemed impressed with the result of missionary enterprise, and as a proof of his good feeling, presented Africaner with an excellent wagon.

Moffat had a twofold object in visiting the Cape: first, to

introduce Africaner, which we have seen he successfully did; second, to secure supplies for the Namaqua station. This, however, was not to be carried out as he had hoped, for a Deputation from the Missionary Society then visiting the Cape wished to appoint him to the Bechuana Mission. To this Moffat reluctantly agreed, for he had become greatly attached to his Namaqua flock. Another important event took place while Moffat was at the Cape, for he there married Miss Smith to whom he had been engaged for some considerable time.

The whole party then set out on their return journey, Africaner accompanying Moffat as far as Daniel's Kuil, where they met Berends Berend, the Griqua chief. The two chiefs had met in many a deadly contest, but now they were united by the common bond of Christianity, and their former hostility dissolved. This was to be Moffat's final parting with Africaner, for the chief passed away within two years of this memorable meeting.

Griqua Town had formerly been under the chieftainship of Adam Kok, but he had abandoned the town, and the acknowledged chief was Berends Berend. He, however, seldom visited the place, devoting all his interests to Daniel's Kuil, distant about fifty miles, and refusing to appoint a representative. The place was, therefore, disorganised, and like a ship without a rudder. Finally, Andries Waterboer was unanimously elected to the position of chief, to the satisfaction of the missionaries; he was a man without name or riches, and had been educated on the station. His management of affairs was at first considered severe, and this led to the formation of two parties—those who were in favour of law and order, the other consisting of turbulent and unruly spirits who could not brook discipline or restraint. To this party all the desperadoes of the community joined themselves, and carried devastation, blood, and rapine among all the Bechuana tribes within their reach. They even made two attacks on Griqua Town, though happily

attended with little loss of life on either side, but causing much alarm in the mission families.

Moffat found the work amongst the Bechuanas, upon which he entered in 1821, to be even a severer trial of patience than that in which he had been hitherto engaged. The people were absolutely devoid of religious ideas, and had not even risen to the level of idolatry. They were also extremely mischievous. The Moffats were often left without any water for their vegetables, as the women would cut the watercourse which they had made from the Kuruman River, leaving them on a thirsty plain without a drop of water, and with the thermometer at 120°. The savage temper of the Bechuanas was a severe trial to the missionaries. On one occasion, Mrs. Moffat, with a babe in her arms, humbly begged a woman to be kind enough to move out of a temporary kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going to church. The woman seized a piece of wood to hurl at Mrs. Moffat's head, who was obliged to make her escape, leaving her in undisputed possession of the kitchen, and free to appropriate its contents to her own use. Thefts of their property were of daily occurrence, from cattle and sheep, to tools and utensils. Sometimes on returning from preaching the missionary would find a stone left in the pot instead of the meat on which he had hoped to dine.

Occasionally the natives hinted that the missionaries had left their own country on account of some crime. Besides their natural stupidity, the superstitious reverence paid by the natives to supposed "rain-makers" formed a great obstacle to missionary labours. No device was too grotesque or absurd for the natives to carry out at the command of the "rain-maker" in order, as they hoped, to obtain rain.

On one occasion he told them to catch a baboon and bring it without a single hair missing, on another to kill a lion and bring its heart. Neither of these methods had any result; and the rain-maker then declared that Moffat and his brother missionary Hamilton frightened away the clouds by looking at them.

Eventually Moffat had to intercede for the life of the rain-maker whom the disappointed natives were preparing to kill. He succeeded in getting him off safely, but they then directed their anger against himself, saying that the missionaries' residence among them was the cause of the long-continued drought, and that they must leave the country. One day a chief, brandishing his spear, came to Moffat's door with a threatening message to this effect. Moffat came out and confronted him, while his wife looked on from the doorway with her infant in her arms. To his threats the missionary replied, "If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us you must resort to stronger measures. You may shed blood or burn us out. Then shall they who sent us know, and God, who sees and hears us shall know that we have been persecuted indeed." At these words the chief looked at his companions, remarking with a significant shake of the head, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality." The threatening group then broke up, and the missionaries were left for the time in peace.

At last the day came when the Bechuanas were to learn the value of Moffat. For some time past rumours had reached Kuruman that a savage tribe named the Mantatees were about to attack the Bechuanas. Moffat had been preparing for a visit to a distant chief, Makaba, head of the Bauangketsi, in order to open up friendly relations with him. Notwithstanding the dissuasions of the Bechuana chief, Mothibi, who refused to lend him any men for the journey, he persisted in carrying out his plan.

After some days' journey he came in sight of the Mantatees, who were preparing for the attack on the Bechuanas. Moffat hurried back to Latta Koo, the Bechuana headquarters, and advised Mothibi to send for help to Griqua Town. He followed the missionary's advice, and, after eleven days' waiting, about one hundred armed horsemen came.

Moffat and the Griquas proceeded to reconnoitre, and soon came in sight of the enemy. They were also seen by the latter,

and a few warriors hurled their spears at them, which, however, fell short. Moffat then went forward unarmed, with one of the Griquas, to parley with them. They had approached within a hundred yards of the enemy, and were just about to dismount, when the savages uttered a hideous yell, and several hundred men rushed forward flinging their weapons with such velocity that Moffat and his companion had scarcely time to turn their terrified steeds and gallop away. Seeing no possible means of bringing them to a parley, they retired to a height at a short distance but within view of the enemy. At sunset Moffat rode back to confer with the Griqua chiefs, and to devise some way of bringing the enemy to terms, and avoiding, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle.

Next morning they were all in motion before daybreak, and the hundred horsemen rode up to the invaders hoping to intimidate them by their imposing appearance, and bring them to a parley. But when they had approached within one hundred and fifty yards the Mantatees set up their terrible howl and flung their spears and javelins, whereupon the Griquas fired and shot several of their warriors. It was confidently expected that the Mantatees, never having seen fire-arms, would be daunted by this, but it only seemed to inflame their rage. Those who had flung their spears snatched weapons from the hands of their dying companions, and sallied forth in such numbers that the Griquas were compelled to retreat. At length, finding their ammunition failing, they charged the enemy, who gave way in their turn.

During the battle the Bechuanas came up and began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and war-axes. Seeing this Moffat galloped in among them, and by entreaties and remonstrances turned many of the Bechuanas from their murderous purpose. At last, after many hours' fighting, the Mantatees were finally repulsed, and the threatened attack on Kuruman was averted.

MOFFAT'S COURAGEOUS ENDEAVOUR

The Bechuanas came up and began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and axes. Moffat galloped in among them, and by entreaties and remonstrances turned many of them from their murderous purpose.

Mothibi, the Bechuana chief, recognising that this deliverance was due to Moffat's having persisted on his journey in spite of the chief's dissuasions, and so having discovered the enemy, expressed his gratitude in lively terms. His people also seemed at last to become sensible of the deep interest the missionaries had taken in their welfare, standing by them in troublous times when they might have escaped to the colony with comparative little loss of property. After nine years' patient waiting the tide began to turn in the missionaries' favour.

All reports of further attempts of invasion having died away, Moffat was now able to devote all his attention to the welfare of of his flock. All the buildings which had hitherto been raised were but temporary, and the prospect of being left on a sandy plain without even drinking water not only prevented the erection of comfortable abodes, but indicated a favourable opportunity for recommending a removal to a more favourable situation. A place eight miles distant, about three miles below the Kuruman fountain appeared, from the locality, and its closeness to the source of the Kuruman River, to be a better spot for a missionary station than any others for hundreds of miles around. But this proposal was rejected by the chiefs owing to the scarcity of trees and bushes, for it was the misguided habit of the natives to cut down the timber in their neighbourhood to build their huts and erect fences. No arguments Moffat could advance prevailed, but after an inspection of the place the chief Mothibi agreed to assign to the L.M.S. a tract of land stretching about two miles down the valley from the river, for which he was to be paid a certain sum when Moffat returned from a proposed journey to the Cape. On this journey he was accompanied by Mothibi's son and a chief. They had a very friendly welcome, and the astonishment and wonder of the two dusky visitors at all they saw can well be imagined. They returned in May, 1824, and preparations were at once made for the transfer of the mission station to its new site.

Moffat had promised to visit Makaba, King of the Bauang-

ketsi, but owing to the ignorance and obstinacy of the native guides they wandered in a circle, and would soon have been back at the place from which they started. The oxen, too, during the night wandered back to the last camping-place, and horsemen had to be despatched to bring them back. As they journeyed along they discovered a buffalo in a thicket of reeds. They fired at it but without effect as the reeds concealed the animal. They then set fire to the reeds and the buffalo dashed out and knocked down one of the men, and had it not been for the dogs who attacked it in the rear the man would have been gored to death, as it was he escaped with slight wounds. The buffalo again took shelter amongst the flaming reeds from which he would not move, but was shot after his skin was literally roasted in the fire. Shortly afterwards they came unexpectedly on a stream into which men, oxen, horses, sheep, and goats rushed pell-mell, and the scene which followed was ludicrous beyond description. One man is pushed down by an ox, both delighted with the coolness of the water; another tumbles head foremost over the bank, followed by a sheep or a goat. One man crawls between the legs of oxen, another tries to force himself between their bodies. One shouts that a horse is trampling on him, and another that he is fast in the mud. But merriment was far from their thoughts until each was satisfied and withdrew from the water; then wet, muddy objects presented themselves which would have excited laughter in the most sober-minded.

Next day they reached Pitsan, the chief town of the Barolongs. The chief Taune tried to dissuade Moffat from venturing into the clutches of the notorious Makaba, but without success. The oxen were inyoked, and the journey resumed. They camped at night, but next morning discovered that nearly fifty oxen had strayed, and the search party came back with the information that the cattle had fallen into the hands of Makaba's outpost keepers, and that one of them had been killed. This was bad news as there was a danger that complications might follow.

But in the evening the oxen were restored, together with the meat of the one slaughtered, and profuse apologies from one of Makaba's sons for the outrage committed on his father's expected guest, and a promise that the perpetrators should be torn in pieces, although what they had done was done in ignorance. Moffat, however, afterwards interceded for them with Makaba, and their lives were spared.

On arriving at Makaba's town Moffat received a very hospitable reception by the king, who was astonished and pleased to see that an unarmed party had trusted themselves to the power of such a " villain " as he was reported to be. Next morning Moffat in a conversation with Makaba explained the object of his visit, which was to establish friendly relations with the Bauangketsi, with which Makaba heartily agreed, and appeared delighted with the suggestion that a missionary should reside amongst them.

Moffat then made a survey of the town and found that it covered an immense area, and contained a very large population, and that it was very well laid out, the houses being well built and substantial. Hyenas, however, were a perfect scourge, the brutes nightly prowling through the streets, and taking a daily toll of women and children. But this the people seemed to regard with complete indifference, and Moffat's suggested plans for destroying the brutes were quietly ignored.

After many conversations with Makaba and his nobles, and after delivering his message to the people, the time for Moffat's departure drew near, for the season was drawing on when the wells would be dry. During the night before the departure wild panic seized the men, for a report had gone abroad that the Bauangketsi intended to ambuscade and slay them all. A hurried start was made early in the morning, to the astonishment of the people, and to the just indignation of Makaba. Moffat seeing that he could not stop his own people returned to Makaba and explained matters to him, and the king emphatically repudiated any such treacherous intention, in proof of

which he goodnaturedly accompanied Moffat to the wagons, where he bantered the men for their credulity, and presented them with an ox.

Having said farewell Moffat took his departure. After they had proceeded some way on their journey they were met by messengers from Tuane, chief of the Barolongs, begging them to hasten to their assistance as they were threatened by an attack from a tribe of Mantatees. As there was no other course open to Moffat he made all haste, and arrived at the Barolong territory to find confusion everywhere. The enemy were at the gates of the town, and Moffat had a narrow escape of falling into an ambuscade and being transfixed by the spears of the enemy. The details of the fighting would occupy too much space here ; it is sufficient to say that the fighting was fast and furious, and that many lives were lost and wounds inflicted. Finally the enemy were driven off, and order restored among the panic-stricken, mainly by Moffat's efforts.

Any hopes of a permanent settlement were soon afterwards dashed to the ground by an outbreak of civil war which spread its devastating effects all over the neighbouring tribes, and assumed a magnitude unknown in native history. This obliged Moffat to remove his family to Griqua Town for safety, but he returned to the Kuruman station in about a month. In the welter of blood the hitherto unconquered Bauangketsi were dispersed by a combined force, and Makaba, Moffat's former host, had been slain in the midst of heaps of warriors.

During the infancy of the new station Moffat had a very trying time. Some of his newly arrived assistants, unaccustomed to the privations which Moffat himself and his followers were called upon to endure, were continually murmuring. Armed robbers were constantly making inroads, and threatening death and destruction. The missionaries were compelled to work daily at every kind of labour, under a burning sun, and in a dry climate, where only one shower had fallen during the preceding twelve months. These are only imperfect

samples of the work done for several years at the new Kuruman station, while at the same time the language had to be acquired.

After several years of drought plentiful rain had fallen in the early part of 1826, and there was now a happy prospect of an abundant harvest, but this hope was dashed to the ground by swarms of locusts which passed over like a dense cloud, making a great noise with their wings, and stripping the country of every vestige of verdure, not even sparing the bark of the trees. Although they are preyed on by the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth, it seems impossible by any means whatever to arrest their progress; fires will not stop their course, for their countless corpses quench the flames; streams are no impediment, for they cross them with ease; high walls prove no obstacle for they simply march up one side and down the other. The people eat them in large quantities. They pluck off their legs and wings, boil and then dry them, and pound them into a meal, or eat them whole. Moffat says the taste, which is rather an acquired one, is not disagreeable, and somewhat resembles that of shrimps. This visitation was a matter for thankfulness on account of the poor; for as many thousands of cattle had been taken from the natives, and gardens to an immense extent destroyed, many hundreds of families, but for the locusts, must have perished from hunger.

At the end of the year 1826, the state of the country being somewhat more tranquil, Moffat arranged to pay a visit to the Barolongs. Two attempts had been previously made, but in each case he had been hastily recalled on account of threatened attacks on the station. Moffat with four attendants set out on the journey over a wild and dreary country, and on the third night halted at a pool and let loose their wearied oxen. As it was dark they lit a torch and to their alarm saw many spoors of lions. They hastily collected the oxen and secured them to the wagon. But during the night a huge lion sprang on a cow belonging to one of the Barolong followers and carried it some distance away, and proceeded to tear it to pieces and break its

A NIGHT OF LIONS

They were lions, and Moffat retreated on hands and knees as quietly as he could,

bones with its teeth. Moffat fired several bullets at the brute, which did not hit it, but scared it away, taking its meal with it. The supply of fuel being small Moffat proceeded to search round the pool for more. Looking up he saw four shaggy-looking forms standing out against the sky. They were lions and Moffat retreated on hands and knees as quietly as he could. On coming to his wagon-driver he found him gazing in alarm, at some objects in front of him, they were *more* lions, two grown up, with a cub. The distrust between them and the human beings was mutual, and the brutes went off. This was, indeed, a night of lions.

A journey of two days brought them to a village called Choaing, whose chief, Bogachu, was both intelligent and courteous. Here Moffat stayed for ten weeks, but, although he describes the natives as being very good-natured he speaks of his surroundings as being unspeakably filthy. Rhinoceros were very numerous in this neighbourhood, several of which Moffat shot, greatly to the delight of the people. One night, being in want of food, Moffat and two companions entrenched themselves close to a pool in the hope of shooting some game. The first animals to approach were lions which satisfied their thirst and went away; the next were two large buffaloes which were heading straight for the hunters. One of the natives urged Moffat to fire, but he, knowing the extremely dangerous character of a wounded buffalo, refused. The man fired and hit the animal, which, evidently not seeing the foe, stood stock still in the same position for an hour, and then went slowly off. The hunters had not dared to move a limb, and when the buffalo moved away they were so stiff with cold as to be quite incapable of flight whatever had pursued them. Their next visitors were two giraffes, one of which they wounded; a troop of quaggas followed, but their leader was suspicious, and they galloped away without drinking. A huge rhinoceros came next, which received a mortal wound. Lions were heard approaching, so the hunters judged it wise to make for home, and after a

lonely tramp through bushes, hyenas, and jackals reached the village in safety, Moffat resolving never again to hunt at night by a water-pool unless driven to do so by the direst necessity.

While staying with the Barolongs Moffat received an invitation from Segebue, Chief Makaba's son and successor, to visit him, but Moffat was compelled to decline, sending at the same time a small present. A fortnight later a cry was raised that a marauding party was about to attack the village, and most of the natives fled. Those who remained were amazed to see the tall form of Segebue emerge from the thicket followed by two hundred fine-looking warriors, and still more amazed to witness the cordial greeting which passed between the missionary and the chief, telling of a firmly established friendship between the awe-inspiring chief of the warlike Bauangketsi and the white man. Segebue remained for two days, and his last words on leaving were : "Trust me as you trusted my father." After a stay of ten weeks amongst this people, who had showed him great kindness, Moffat set out for home, which he safely reached after a thirsty journey.

Things were now beginning to look rosy, and Moffat was filled with hope when it was shattered by a letter he received from Griqua Town informing him of the intended attack on the station by the Bergenaars, a band of desperadoes who had already made themselves extremely unpleasant in Griqua Town. They threatened to loot the station, take all the missionaries' property, and destroy the whole place with fire. This was a great shock to Moffat who was weary of flights, and at first he was inclined to make little of the gravity of the situation, and so he wrote to his correspondent, Mr. Wright, expressing his determination to stay. Urgent messages, and the panic-stricken state of the natives induced him to change his mind. Reluctantly he gathered together some of his most valuable possessions, and wended his weary journey along the desert path, and after a most melancholy journey of five days reached Griqua Town ; and sincerely he regretted having come, for he

saw only starvation staring him in the face : cattle were dying from want of grass, and there were no means of obtaining supplies from the Colony. Reports were so conflicting that Moffat resolved to return to Kuruman ; but what a pitiable condition of affairs met him. Most of the cattle were dead, and many of the huts had been reduced to ashes by their panic-stricken occupants when they fled.

But even in this shipwrecked condition Moffat did not neglect the great object of his life, and he wrote a hymn, the first ever written in the native language ; the arrival, too, of spelling-books, etc., enabled him to commence a school in the Sechuana tongue. Fragments of tribes scattered in the country by degrees collected round the station. Among these, a comparatively new soil, he continued his labours, and fruitless as the past had been, he felt when addressing the people, as if he were thrown some years back. A temporary house belonging to one of the missionaries, and now unoccupied, was converted into a chapel, and a humble pulpit erected. On the following day when Moffat was about to occupy it, he found that a cobra had taken possession of it. To some people this might appear ominous.

In the month of March, 1828, a party of Corannas passed close to the station on a marauding expedition into the interior. They were intercepted, and the wickedness of their intention as well as the danger to themselves were pointed out to them, for their object was to attack the powerful Bauangketsi. In the course of a few days the marauders had determined to forgo their original plan, but to the amazement of the missionaries they entered the station and sat themselves down on the outskirts of the village. Their bearing was haughty and menacing, but care was taken to avoid all cause of offence. Suspicion existed that it was their intention to raid the station for the sake of the cattle, and they were earnestly entreated to leave the place in peace. They then became abusive, and entrenching themselves in a natural ditch fired some bullets into the station, one of which passed close to Moffat's head. This

exasperated the station natives beyond endurance, so they made a sortie and routed the invaders out of their shelter, and drove them across the plain towards the mountains, killing some and capturing others, and recovering all their stolen goods.

For some time after this matters were tranquil, and the state of the Griqua country encouraged the hope that a permanent peace might be established. But no, for news reached them of the approach of another band of marauders from the Orange River, and their presence was not known until they were within eight miles of the station, when a boy who had escaped from their clutches ran in with the startling news. Had it not been for him it is difficult to imagine how the mission could have escaped the stealthy advance and the sudden murderous onrush. Confusion followed, and all the cattle were hastily driven far into the country for safety. Early on the morning of the following day the commando emerged from the concealment of some rising ground where they had passed the previous night, and when they saw that their approach had been discovered, and set their eyes on what they imagined to be entrenchments packed with people, they could not do otherwise than advance, but when they got within gunshot they sheered off towards the river where they proceeded to round up all the cattle they could see. A man bearing a flag of truce, which consisted of a rag tied to the end of a stick, advanced from the opposite side, and Moffat met him half-way, for he had no desire that the enemy should discover that the trenches which appeared to be packed with determined men were merely a crowd of timid people poorly armed. He informed Moffat that their chief was a man named Paul, who at one time had been under Moffat's influence, but now stubbornly refused to meet him face to face. The reason given for this attack was that Paul had suffered some real or fancied injury at the hands of the Griquas of the Kuruman station, and that he was determined to wreak his vengeance on them and wipe them out root and branch.

Parley followed parley; Moffat's entreaties for a personal interview were met by a sullen refusal. But at length Moffat's earnestness broke down Paul's obstinacy, and he consented to meet his former teacher. He advanced in a very shamefaced manner, but Moffat caught him by the hand as an old friend, and avoiding upbraidings pointed out with deep earnestness the wicked course he was pursuing, and of the days past when their intercourse had been of a different nature. This conversation so affected Paul that he gave orders for all the cattle to be instantly restored, and promised to give up all his former plans and to return by the way he came. It is interesting to notice the results. The party remained for two days; Paul and his adherents went to their homes, but the others, who had come out for plunder and were determined to have it, met with devastation, famine, and death. This was among the last efforts of the hordes of ruthless desperadoes who had for five years been scattering destruction throughout the tribes. They had filled up their cup of iniquity, and they were made to drink of the bitter cup they had poured out for others. These awful judgments were not without good results, for, so evidently was the hand of God displayed, that the atheistical Bechuanas were wonderfully impressed with the truth of an overruling Providence; which doctrine they had, as a nation, hitherto treated as imaginary and false.

A wave of religious feeling now swept over the station; the moral wilderness seemed about to blossom. The little chapel which had hitherto been more than sufficient for the needs of the mission proved now too small. A man named Aaron Josephs, who was once a runaway slave, and from long residence in the Colony had acquired a certain amount of education, together with two other men, offered to take upon themselves the labour and expense of raising a school-house, which would serve as a place of worship, till one for that special purpose could be erected. The offer was thankfully accepted, and Aaron at once set matters in motion. All who felt interested in

the work gave whole-hearted assistance, even women and children, carrying clay, laths from the bushes, materials for thatch, and providing labour in any capacity of which they were capable. The building was finished and opened in the month of May, 1829, and in the following month six candidates for baptism were selected. At the opening service the building was crowded to excess, and the greatest interest excited by a scene which was indeed a novelty to many, the service being conducted in the Bechuana language.

In the latter part of the year 1829 two traders journeyed into the interior for the purpose of shooting elephants, and of trading. Hearing that a tribe possessing much cattle lived at some distance eastward they proceeded thither, and were received in a friendly manner by Moselekatse, the king of that division of Zulus called Abaka Zulus, or more generally Matabele. Previous to this the king had gained some information of the white men, and especially of those on the Kuruman station, but he was eager to learn more. So, when the traders returned Moselekatse sent with them two of his *lintuna*, or chief men, charging them particularly to enquire into the manners and teaching of the Kuruman missionaries. On their arrival they were greatly impressed with all they saw; they were shown every mark of attention which they acknowledged with a dignity of bearing and a natural politeness of manner to which the missionaries had been entirely unaccustomed amongst the Bechuanas. They viewed the buildings, the smith's forge, the irrigation ditch, and other improvements with profound but grave and respectful astonishment. "You are men," one of them said, "we are but children." When standing in the hall of Moffat's house, looking at the strange furniture, one of them caught sight of a small looking-glass at which he gazed with admiration. Mrs. Moffat handed him one considerably larger; he looked intently at his reflected countenance, and, never having seen it before, supposed it was that of one of his attendants on the other side; he sharply put his hand behind it, and told him to be gone, but

looking again at the same face, he cautiously turned the glass, and seeing nothing returned it with great gravity to Mrs. Moffat, saying that he could not trust it.

What excited their astonishment more than anything was the order and decorum with which public worship was conducted. From their infancy every public meeting of whatever nature had been marked by hoarse war-song and barbaric display.

The Matabele had intended to pay a visit to the Colony, but certain difficulties arose and the journey was given up. The question of a safe return to their own country caused Moffat much anxiety, and heartily he wished that these emissaries of the powerful Matabele king had never set foot on Kuruman territory. One of them, 'Umbate, with his companion, requested a private conversation with Moffat and informed him that a rumour had reached him that the Bechuana tribes had formed a plot to waylay them on their return journey. The consequences of such an act filled Moffat's mind with horror. Moselekatse was king of a powerful and warlike people, and to imagine that he would omit to take an ample and bloody vengeance for such an offence to his royal dignity, was folly. His name was dreaded, for he had deluged the surrounding country with blood. Much anxious consultation between the members of the mission then took place, and finally it was decided that Moffat should accompany them as far as the Bahurutsi country, after which their journey would be comparatively safe. When the visitors heard of this their faces glistened with delight, and gratitude. A wagon was procured, and accompanied by a band of volunteers, for there were many who had grave doubts as to the result of the journey, they left Kuruman on November 9.

At Sitlagole River, about 160 miles from Kuruman, they had halted and allowed their oxen to graze at some little distance from the wagons when two lions burst out of the bush. The larger of the two bounded on to a fine ox, killing it instantaneously, then planting its fore feet on the carcase it glared at the

party and roared defiantly. However, a few shots close to its head induced it to retire, when they gladly secured the meat.

Ten days afterwards they reached Mosega, the abode of Mokhatla, chief of the Bahurutsi, and to his safe keeping Moffat handed over his charges and prepared to return home. But against this the two envoys vehemently protested, urging him with all their power to continue the kindness he had already shown them, and, moreover, assuring him that their king would certainly put them to death if they returned without him. To these entreaties the Bahurutsi chief added his own, saying that if Moffat refused, he and his people would flee. It was in vain that Moffat urged his own pressing engagements at home, and at last, to their inexpressible relief he promised to accompany them as far as their first cattle outposts.

The country through which they were now travelling was quite of a different character from that they had already passed; it was mountainous, and wooded to the summits; evergreens adorned the valleys, in which streams of excellent water flowed through many a winding course towards the Indian Ocean. It was a country once covered with a dense population. On the sides of the hills were towns in ruins, where thousands once made the country alive, amidst fruitful vales now covered with luxuriant grass, inhabited by game. The devastating invasions of the Mantatees and the Matabele had left to beasts of prey the undisputed right of these lovely woodland glens. The lion which had gorged on human flesh, roamed at large, a terror to the traveller, who often heard with dismay his nightly roaring echoed back by the surrounding hills. The party were mercifully preserved during the nights, though their slumbers were often interrupted by his fearful roarings. They had frequently to take their guns and march in front of the wagon, as the oxen sometimes took fright at the sudden rush of a rhinoceros or buffalo from a thicket. More than one instance occurred when a rhinoceros being aroused from its slumbers by the crack of the whips, the oxen would scamper off like race-

horses, the result being the destruction of gear and some part of the wagon. As there was no road they were frequently obliged to take very circuitous routes to find a passage through deep ravines; and they were often obliged to use picks, spades, and hatchets to clear their way. When they bivouacked for the night, a plain was generally selected in order to be the better able to defend themselves; and when fire-wood was plentiful, they made a number of fires at a distance round the wagon. But when it rained their condition was pitiable in the extreme; and they only wished it to rain so hard that the lion might be reluctant to leave his lair.

They had now reached the first cattle posts of the Matabele, and again Moffat urged the necessity for his return, and again the two envoys earnestly entreated him to accompany them to the presence of their king, otherwise their lives would be sacrificed. Moffat found himself in a very perplexing position. These men were undoubtedly of noble condition, and Moffat felt it impossible to resist their supplications, so he gave his consent. They travelled through country of varied and picturesque but very interesting character, containing the ruins of innumerable towns, showing signs of immense labour and perseverance; stone fences, averaging from four to seven feet high, raised apparently without mortar, hammer, or line. Everything was circular, from the inner walls which surrounded each dwelling, to those which encircled a town. The remains of some large houses displayed a far superior style to anything Moffat had seen among the other tribes of Southern Africa. The circular walls were generally composed of hard clay, so well plastered and polished, that the interior of the house had the appearance of being polished. This scene of devastation, now the home of reptile and beast of prey, showed evidence of a former prosperity and a well-populated region. War had swept over the land and had left slaughter, flames, and ruin in its track.

Commandos of Chaka, the once bloody monarch of the Zulus,

had made frightful havoc ; but all this was nothing to the final destruction of the Bakone tribes by the arms of Moselekatse. The story of the destruction of a people rendered soft and effeminate by peace and prosperity was given to Moffat by one of the conquered people in greater detail than space will here allow. " They sang, they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The shout was raised, ' They are friends ' ; but they shouted again, ' They are foes,' until their near approach showed them to be naked Matabele. The men seized their arms as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion ; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle ; they danced and sang till the dawn of day ; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping to the ground on which they stood the narrator took up a little dust in his hand ; blowing if off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, " That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle ! " Moffat declared that it was impossible for him to describe his feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence.

They were detained several days at this place by dreadful storms of thunder, which appeared to make the very mountains shake, and heavy rains which caused torrents of water to fall

from the neighbouring heights, which deluged the plains. The luxuriance of every thing on hill and dale was great. The rich black soil being saturated with water, became so adhesive, that it was found impossible for either men or oxen to proceed. The wheels became one mass of clay, which nothing could detach, while the feet of the oxen became so large with the tenacious soil, that it was out of their power to move them from the spot.

Passing over some hills they were conducted by a special messenger of the king by a circuitous route over hill and dale, quite difficult enough for human beings but doubly so for oxen, until they came in sight of the capital situated under a range of hills.

"There," said 'Umbate, pointing to the town, "there dwells the great king Pezulu (Heaven, one of his titles), the Elephant, the Lion's paw," following up these titles with expressions of extravagant praise.

They proceeded directly to the town, and on riding into the centre of the large fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, besides two hundred who were concealed on each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. They were beckoned to dismount, which they did, holding their horses' bridles in their hands. The warriors at the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells, and leaping from the earth with a kind of kilt around their bodies, hanging like loose tails, and their large shields, frightened the horses. They then joined the circle, falling into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. Here Moffat stood surrounded by warriors, whose kilts were of ape skins, and their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, their shields reaching to their chins, and their heads adorned with feathers.

Although in the centre of a town, all was silent as the midnight hour, while the men were motionless as statues. Eyes only were seen to move, and there was a rich display of fine

MOFFAT AND KING MOSELEKATSE
Here Moffat stood surrounded by warriors.

white teeth. After some minutes of profound silence, which was only interrupted by the breathing of the horses, the war song burst forth. Another pause ensued, and then out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came forward, and having been instructed in the white man's mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at their feet, and invited them to partake.

By this time the wagons had approached, and when Moffat desired to be directed to a spot where he might encamp, the king very hospitably said, "The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." The "moving houses" as he called the wagons filled him with surprise, but what excited his astonishment most were the wheels, and especially the iron tyre surrounding the felloes, for, so far as he could perceive, it had neither beginning nor end. A minute inspection followed to discover the welded part. "Does he give medicine to the iron?" was the monarch's enquiry. "No," said 'Umbate, "nothing is used but fire, a hammer, and a chisel."

Moselekatse did not fail to supply Moffat abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and his people to the best advantage. To do honour to the strangers, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighbouring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given. A smooth plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who, with their shrill voices and clapping of hands, took part in the concert. They sang their war songs, and one composed in honour of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration the potentate in the centre, who stood, and sometimes regulated

the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked Moffat if it was not fine, and if he had such things in his country !

This public entertainment, or display of national glory, occupied the greater part of the day, when the chief retired, swollen with pride, amidst the deafening shouts of adoring applause of the populace. Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Baaite !* or *Aaite !* followed by a number of his high-sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant, etc.

When Moffat left Kuruman it was not his intention to travel half so far as he had done, so he informed his savage majesty that his visit must be shortened as his family and friends at the Kuruman would suppose that evil had befallen him on a road where there was little other company than beasts of prey. This was all very reasonable, but the king contrived, with no little artifice and persuasion, to detain him ten days. During this period Moffat had frequent interviews with him, but he was not favourably situated for obtaining a knowledge of his real character ; for not a soul in his dominions dared breathe a syllable that was not calculated to set him forth as the best and noblest of beings, immaculate in his actions, the very perfection of all that was lovely, just, and good ; possessing a power which could hurl the mountains from their foundations ; and finally, that his smile was life, while his frown scattered terror and death. However, he learned something of his disposition from the attendants of the chiefs who had visited the Kuruman, and who were permitted to remain at the wagons, with additions to their number, to serve or carry messages, but in reality to watch all movements, and take notice of all intercourse between Moffat and the natives. They were nevertheless very obedient to his suggestions, for when he wanted quietness, he had only to hold up his finger to signify who should go, or who remain. Common people were not allowed to approach without special

permission, and Moffat was frequently obliged to prevent his bodyguard discharging sticks, stones, or any thing else, at any one who should dare approach within certain limits. It was with no little difficulty he prevented broken heads and broken bones, for they appeared to perform their tyrannical functions with real zest.

During one of Moffat's first interviews with Moselekatse, the following incident took place, which shows that, however degraded and cruel man may become, he is capable of being subdued by kindness. He drew near to the spot where Moffat stood, with some attendants bearing dishes of food; the two chiefs who had been at the Kuruman were present, but on the approach of their sovereign, they bowed and withdrew, shouting, as usual, "*Baaite 'nkhosi enkolu,*" but were instantly desired to return. Moselekatse, placing his left hand on Moffat's shoulder, and his right on his own breast, addressed him in the following language: "Machobane," (the name of his father), "I call you such because you have been my father. You have made my heart as white as milk; milk is not white to-day, my heart is white. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before, but you love me more than my own people. You fed me when I was hungry; you clothed me when I was naked; you carried me in your bosom"; and, raising Moffat's right arm with his own, added, "that arm shielded me from my enemies." Moffat replied, that he was unconscious of having done him any such services, but he instantly pointed to the two ambassadors, saying, "These are great men; 'Umbate is my right hand. When I sent them from my presence to see the land of the white men, I sent my ears, my eyes, my mouth; what they heard I heard, what they saw I saw, and what they said, it was Moselekatse who said it. You fed them and clothed them, and when they were to be slain, you were their shield. You did it unto me. You did it unto Moselekatse, the son of Machobane." The testimony of his gratitude Moffat duly appreciated and acknowledged, and the

assurance given that it was in his power to tell him news. This was the news of the love of God, to which he listened at first with apparent attention, but his countenance soon betrayed a truant mind, while his eyes looked with delight on the droves of sleek cattle approaching the town, and which possessed charms infinitely more captivating than the subject of the conversation.

The following day a dramatic but sad scene was enacted before Moffat, a scene in which he was deeply interested. A certain *entuna* (officer) had been convicted of a political offence which could not have escaped the heaviest penalty even under a more humane government than that of Moselekatse. Moffat was struck by his noble carriage and commanding appearance. Amidst all the feasting and revelry he was brought up for judgment before the king and his council, and divested of all his insigna of rank. Even when kneeling before the king Moffat was impressed with his dignity. A great silence fell on the great assembly, only the voices of the king and his councillors being audible. The charges were proved, and the culprit pleaded guilty, but he knew it was at a bar where none ever heard the sound of pardon for offences much less than his. A pause ensued, during which the silence of death pervaded the assembly. At length the monarch spoke, and, addressing the prisoner, said, "You are a dead man, but I shall do to-day what I never did before; I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father"—pointing to the spot where Moffat stood. "I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood; for his sake I spare your life; he has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white; but he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and never can be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake, for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But," continued the king, "you must be degraded for life; you must

no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people ; nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert." The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon and exalt in songs applicable only to One to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But, no ! holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, " O king, afflict not my heart ! I have merited thy displeasure ; let me be slain like the warrior ; I cannot live with the poor." And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued, " How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honour which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty ? No, I cannot live ! Let me die, O Pezulu ! " His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now Moffat's exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honours he had won at the point of the spear—honours which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. Moffat's eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom !

Moselekatse's conduct in this affair produced a strange impression among his people, some of whom regarded Moffat as an extraordinary being, who could thus influence one more terrible to them than the fiercest lion of the forest.

The happiness of the king and his subjects appeared to be entirely derived from their success in war, and the reward of a wife was a stimulus to his men to multiply their victims. Days of feasting were held, when they glutted themselves with flesh. The bloody bowl was the portion of those who could count the tens they had slain in the day of battle. One evening two men

bore towards Moffat an enormous basket. It was the royal dish sent from the presence of his majesty: the contents, smoking blood, apparently as liquid as if it had just come from the arteries of the ox, and mixed with sausages of suet. He acknowledged the honour the king wished to confer, but begged to be excused partaking of so lordly a dish, as he never ate blood when he could get anything else. This refusal gave perfect satisfaction, when the whole breast of an ox, well stewed, was immediately sent in its place. As nothing could be returned, the bearers of the smoking present, and others who were standing round it, had scarcely heard that they might do what they pleased with it, when they rushed upon it, scooping it up with their hands, making a noise equal to a dozen hungry hogs around a well-filled trough.

On Moffat's journey to and from this polite, and, grateful barbarian, he received great attention, and was exposed to no annoyance. Having to pass through a country full of lions, a number of warriors constantly attended the wagons, whom he supplied with food out of the numberless presents of milk, grain, and slaughter oxen which he had received from their munificent master. On more than one occasion as many as fifty dishes were brought from a village and placed before him; but the Matabele escort could not conceal their strong passion for meat, and when Moffat gave them the leg or shoulder of an ox, they immediately kindled a fire, into the centre of which the whole leg would be thrown, and occasionally turned with a long pole. After being burned and roasted some inches deep, it was dragged forth, and as soon as it was sufficiently cool to allow of its being seized with their hands, they squatted on the ground around it, and raising it to the level of their mouths, each tore off a piece, and the mass might be seen moving to and fro, according to the success of the teeth in seizing a firm hold. When they had penetrated to what was too raw, it was thrown again into the fire for a second course. Moffat never saw them eat raw flesh, as some have affirmed to be their practice.

Moffat's description of their mode of warfare and treatment of captives at the time when he was amongst them calls up a vivid picture of the horrors perpetrated by them when their passions were unbridled, and emphasizes the need of the humanizing and Christianizing influence of that little army of intrepid men who risk all and brave all to deliver their message.

The Matabele were not satisfied with simply capturing cattle ; nothing less than the entire subjugation, or destruction of the vanquished, could quench their insatiable thirst for power. Thus when they conquered a town, the terrified inhabitants were driven in a mass to the outskirts, when the parents and all the married women were slaughtered on the spot. Such as were brave enough to defend their town, their wives, and their children, were reserved for a still more terrible death ; dry grass, saturated with fat, was tied round their naked bodies, and then set on fire. The youths and girls were loaded as beasts of burden with the spoils of the town, to be marched to the homes of their victors. If the town were in an isolated position, the helpless infants were either left to perish with hunger or to be devoured by beasts of prey. In such an event, the lions scented the slain and left their lair. The hyenas and jackals emerged from their lurking places in broad day, and revelled in the carnage, while a cloud of vultures might be seen descending on the living and the dead, and holding a carnival on human flesh. Should a suspicion arise in the savage bosom that these helpless innocents might fall into the hands of friends, they would prevent this by collecting them into a fold, and after raising over them a pile of bushwood, apply the flaming torch to it, when the town, but lately the scene of mirth, became a heap of ashes. Having resolved on returning, Moselekatse accompanied Moffat in his wagon a long day's journey to one of his principal towns. He soon became used to the jolting of an African wagon, and found it comfortable to lay his well-oiled body on Moffat's bed to take a nap. Two more days they spent

together, and after presenting him with his telescope Moffat bade him farewell. He reached home in safety after an absence of two months, cheered to find his family well, and the Mission prospering under Divine Providence.

The country had been blessed with such plentiful rains that fields and gardens teemed with plenty, such as had not been experienced for several years; and the spiritual affairs of the station kept pace with external improvements. The foundation of a place of worship was laid early in the year 1830, but owing to the difficulty of procuring timber was not finished till several years later. After finishing the translation of the Gospel of St. Luke, Moffat made a journey with his family to Cape Town by way of Algoa Bay. Having arrived at Cape Town, Moffat begged permission of Sir Lowry Cole, who was then Governor, to have the Gospel of St. Luke printed at the Government Printing Office. Permission was cheerfully granted, and a small hymn-book was also printed in the same language. Scarcely had this been accomplished when Moffat was brought very low by a severe attack of fever, but his health was improved by a somewhat rough passage to Algoa Bay. Never since missionaries entered the country was such a treasure conveyed to the mission as on Moffat's return, for he brought with him an edition of the Gospel of St. Luke, and a hymn-book, both in the native language, a printing press, type, paper, and ink, besides having obtained very liberal subscriptions from the friends in Cape Town, and other parts of the Colony, towards the erection of a place of worship. But the pleasure experienced was not without alloy, for an epidemic of small-pox swept over the country carrying off many of the inhabitants and one of Moffat's children.

At this period Berends Berend laboured under the delusion that he had a mission to deliver the down-trodden Bakone from the oppression of the Matabele. The vast horde he collected completely took Moselekatse by surprise; his forces were routed, his cattle driven off, and he himself compelled to

take refuge in the bush. But Berends's miscellaneous horde made too sure of their victory. They were elated with their success, and slaughtered and ate to the full. Without a picket or sentinel, all self-secure, they fell asleep. Before the morning dawned, just as the waning moon dipped behind the mountain peak, a chosen band of veteran Matabele rolled over the slumbering host, scattering confusion, terror, and death. Many never awoke, the rest fled in wild dismay, and when the curtain of night was withdrawn a scene was exhibited which is better left to the imagination than to the pen.

In a few days Berends, whose sincerity Moffat did not doubt, and who had remained by the wagons some days' journey from the catastrophe, heard the tale of horror; and now more than half-convinced that he was not the man to give redemption to the Bakone, returned, to be greeted by the wail of widow and fatherless. While the southern portion of the Matabele country was being deluged in blood, a large party of Moffat's community were on a hunting expedition in the very centre of Moselekatse's country, and would have been massacred by a company with which they came in contact but for the circumstance of their being from the Kuruman.

A regular correspondence had been kept up between the Kuruman and Moselekatse, who had never in one instance wavered in the confidence he placed in Moffat since his former visit. An expedition was penetrating the interior for the purpose of exploration, and a messenger was despatched to Moselekatse who returned a cordial invitation. Moffat was asked to join the expedition, and he consented. At the Molapo River they were met by one of Moselekatse's principal officers who conducted them to the monarch's abode on the Tolane River, whither he had retired to one of his cattle outposts during the prevalence of an epidemic in the country. Moffat had intended to accompany the expedition while traversing Moselekatse's territories, but to this he objected, urging that Moffat had gone there before, and he could on no account

dispense with his company. The two were therefore constantly together for two months.

On one occasion, having travelled in a circuitous direction, they came to a place called Kurrechane, a fine mountain, in a well-watered country. The number of lions was fearful. Moffat's old and only horse happening to wander from the wagons in the evening, he begged Moselekatse to send out some of his men to find it if possible, as it would, in all probability, be devoured before morning. He promptly complied with Moffat's request, and as the men passed his wagon, all inquired the name of the horse ; " Mars," was the reply. A diligent search ensued, when they all shouted lustily for Mars, but were compelled to make a speedy retreat owing to the lions. When they returned they said that Mars had wandered far, or had fallen asleep, as he did not reply ! Of course Moffat gave up all hope of recovering him : but Moselekatse, to comfort him, sent a message, " That Morimo (God) would assuredly take care of his own servant's horse." In the morning the horse was found, though, during the night, they had heard the lions roar from every point of the compass.

On the present journey, when travelling alone in a woody and sequestered place, Moffat left the direct road, to avoid a ford where there were many crocodiles. He had not proceeded far when it suddenly occurred to him that he would like to examine a projecting rock which lay beyond the path he had left. After examining the object which had attracted his attention, he turned towards the place whence he had come in order to retrace his steps, but saw a lion, which had caught scent of him on that spot, looking about for his prey. Moffat of course made for the old ford, and, after throwing in, as was customary, some stones to frighten the crocodiles away, he hastened to the other side, glad enough to get the watery monsters between the lion and himself.

In one of his early journeys, he had a providential escape from an African tiger and a serpent. He had left the wagons, and

wandered to a distance among the bush in quest of game. He had a small double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot; an antelope passed, at which he fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, he saw a tiger-cat staring at him between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This Moffat knew was a critical moment, not having a bullet in his gun. He moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as he thought, a suitable distance to turn his back, he moved somewhat more quickly, but in his anxiety to escape what was behind, he did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra, asleep on the grass. It instantly twirled its body round his leg, on which he had nothing but a thin pair of trousers, when he leaped from the spot, dragging the enraged reptile after him, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, he threw his gun to his shoulder, and shot it. Taking it by the tail, he brought it to his people at the wagons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted, that had the creature bitten him he could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long.

Having surveyed the country to find large timber for the roof of their new place of worship, Moffat returned to Kuruman. The troubled state of the country had hitherto prevented them from procuring the timber, but now, taking advantage of the present peaceful conditions, great preparations were made for the purpose. They obtained the timber with great labour, and what was a no less arduous task, brought it a distance of two hundred miles in ox-wagons.

Meanwhile trouble had arisen between Moselekatse and some farmers located on the Yellow River. The king considered that he had been injured by the farmers, and attacked them several times with varying success; but he was soon to learn that leather

shields were no protection against leaden bullets, and of this Moffat had warned him. His power had reached its height; for, in addition to the attacks of the farmers, a large commando from Dingaan came upon him from the east, when many of his men were cut off, and great numbers of his cattle taken. Overwhelmed by such superior and unexpected forces, he fled to the north; and to his credit it should be mentioned, that before his departure he allowed all the captive Bahurutsi, Bakhatla, and other neighbouring tribes, to return to their own land; an act of mercy which astonished the natives. This put an end to the plan which had been formed for the establishment of a mission station amongst the Matabele, for the time being at any rate.

Success was now attending the long and trying efforts of the missionaries at Kuruman, and Moffat was repeatedly asked by the inhabitants of the towns on the Yellow and Kolong Rivers to pay them a visit. This he did, and was delighted to see the improvement made in many places, and the general desire for knowledge. It was well known that he had performed some cures, and numerous patients were brought to him.

The natives, though afraid of poison, never once suspected that the missionaries would do them harm by administering medicine. They were passionately fond of medicine, and of being bled, believing that all diseases lay in the blood. No matter how nauseous a draught might be, they would lick their lips even after a dose of asafœtida. On one occasion Moffat requested a man at a distance to send some one for medicine. He sent his wife; and having prepared a bitter dose, Moffat gave it into her hand, directing her to give it in two portions, one at sunset, the other at midnight. She made a long face, and begged hard that he might take it all at once, lest they should fall asleep. Moffat consented, and down went the potion into her stomach, when he exclaimed, "It is not for you." Licking her lips, she asked, with perfect composure, if her drinking it would not cure her husband!

Moffat relates that in one of his early journeys with some companions, they came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River, between Namaqualand and the Griqua country. They had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued. From the fear of being exposed to lions, they preferred remaining at the village to proceeding during the night. The people at the village rather roughly directed them to halt at a distance. They asked for water, but it was refused. Moffat offered the three or four buttons which still remained on his jacket for a little milk; this also was refused. They had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. They found it difficult to reconcile themselves to their lot, for in addition to repeated rebuffs, the manner of the villagers excited suspicion. When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to them, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head and a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. They asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. A tear stole down her sable cheek, when she replied, "I love Him whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place."

In 1838 Mr. and Mrs. Moffat set out for the Cape partly for the sake of their health, and partly to put through the press a complete translation of the New Testament. But this proved too big an undertaking for any local press, so nothing remained but to travel to England and get the work done there. The voyage was a sad one, for an epidemic of measles broke out, and

their little son James died, aged six. Twenty-three years had elapsed since Moffat last saw England, and of course he found many changes and vacancies. Then the natural consequence of the strain of travelling all over the country, giving addresses, and speaking in public, at a period when there were few railways, told upon a system already run down by his missionary work, and he was forbidden to do any more public speaking for some time to come. This gave him an opportunity of attending to the printing of the New Testament.

What may well be called an historic event took place whilst Moffat was in London, namely, the meeting of Moffat and Livingstone. Livingstone was at the time completing his medical studies with a view to going as a missionary to China, but frequent intercourse with Moffat changed his views, and in 1840 he set out for Africa, taking with him several hundreds of the new completed Sechuana New Testament.

A visit that was intended to last only a few months had lengthened into years, and in January, 1843, Moffat and his wife sailed for the Cape and arrived there in the following April. From thence they sailed to Algoa Bay, where they were delayed for some time, but finally reached Kuruman without mishap, having been met by David Livingstone at the Vaal River. People from all directions and distances flocked in to greet them, and the heartiness of their reception left no doubt as to the feeling entertained towards them.

Moffat's activities were now restricted to the ordinary routine of work on a mission station, most of his time being given to the translation of the Old Testament, and Kuruman had become known to travellers and sportsmen as the last place at which they would enjoy the comforts of civilisation before plunging into the wild unknown.

In 1854 Moffat started on his third visit to Moselekatse who was genuinely pleased to see him, but was suffering from dropsy. Moffat stayed with him for about three months, then proposed to get in touch with Livingstone, in the direction of the

Zambezi, but not meeting him he bade farewell to Moselekatse and returned to Kuruman.

In 1857 Moffat wrote the last words of his translation of the Bible; he had already translated "The Pilgrim's Progress.' The Bible was printed on the small press they possessed, assisted only by native labour, which speaks volumes for the marvellous energy and perseverance of the missionary and the adaptability of the natives.

At the age of sixty-two Moffat was called upon by the L.M.S. to undertake an expedition to Matabeleland with a view to establishing a mission there, and his visit proved quite satisfactory, although the Boers did all in their power to frustrate the scheme, the Boers asserting that Moffat was inciting the natives against them, and, moreover, was supplying them with ammunition. There were rumours, too, that an attack on Kuruman was meditated. Moffat placed the matter before the Governor of Cape Colony, who let the Boers understand that the missionaries were under the protection of the Government. When Moffat next visited Moselekatse in order to establish the mission and introduce those who were to carry on the work, Moselekatse's manner showed some restraint and lack of cordiality, but Moffat removed all doubts and suspicions which might have been in the chief's mind as to the missionaries' intentions, and the manual work necessary for the station was begun with vigour, no one working harder than the veteran missionary, now sixty-five years of age.

The remaining years of Moffat's life were comparatively uneventful. Bereavements befell them in the sudden death of the eldest son, Robert, and of Mary, Livingstone's wife, at Shupanga. Moffat was attacked by a native who had gone out of his mind, and suffered such injuries as must have proved fatal had not his constitution been of the strongest.

It was now pointed out to Moffat that his time would be much more profitably spent in supervising the production of the Bible in England, as the small press at Kuruman was quite inadequate

for the purpose, moreover, the work would be of a superior and more enduring quality. So, on March 20, 1870, Robert Moffat preached his last sermon to his Kuruman flock, and he passed from their midst followed by a wail of regret.

Mrs. Moffat did not long survive their return to England, but Moffat found consolation in hard work and in the pleasures of his garden, until he, too, passed away on August 9, 1883, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Date Due

F 10 '47
MY 10 '50
AP 16 '51
MY 3 '52

Beneath is a Specimen Illustration from

JACK SCARLETT, SANDHURST CADET

By Major ALAN M. BOISRAGON, late Royal Irish Rifles.

Extra Crown 8vo. Illustrated in Colour. 5s.

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01043 3466

Jack Scarlett turns a bully off the Polo field.

This is a capital book for boys. It is full of excitement and fun, and the story of Jack Scarlett's career at a preparatory school, then at Wellington, and finally at Sandhurst, is told by one who knows at first hand all the details of such a life. The book is well illustrated with pictures in colour.

SEELEY, SERVICE & CO. LIMITED.